

THE

Sad. 56/1

World bewitch'd :

OR, THE

D---l in the TIMES.

With a certain Prophecy when 'twill
mend : In a Dialogue between a *Lon-*
doner and a *Countryman*.

Countryman. I'm glad to see you in Health Master, how goes
the World pray in *London* ?

Londoner. Why e'en as it goes in the Country,
(if not a great deal worse) with the Heels upwards, we look
all as if we were walking with the *Antipodes*, every thing seems
to be turn'd up side down ; strange contradictory Customs,
begin to get footing in the World, and not only so ; but I be-
lieve the Axle-Tree has had some unruly Jostle, and turn'd us
quite into another Climate.

Countryman. I am sorry to hear it is so in *London* ; I thought
it had been enough in the Country, for there's ne'er a Penny
of Money stirring, and for Work there's nothing to do to get
a Farthing, if Money were to be had. Our Farmers have a rare
time of it, that is the Rich Monied Farmers, for the poor ones
are poor still, and will be so ; for they had but small Stocks of
Corn, and it has all been sold long ago to pay their Rents ; but
the other grubbing Rascals suck Honey out of Poyson, take de-
light to fill their Bags, tho' the Poor starve for it.

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London,

London. Why don't you find out such Rogues that Forestal, and get the Markets, and bring them to Justice ; or hang them at the next Sign-Post ? Is there no way to punish such Villains, that grind and oppress the Poor, and make things 5 times worse than they need to be.

Country. No no, Master, they are Rich, and shelter themselves under the Wings of those, who ought to punish them ; so that the Poor dare not stir for fear of having the same whipping or hanging that they deserve : There's one of these griping Curmudgeonly Curs, in our Parish, that has 500 Bushels of Corn by him now, and sends only a Sack at a time to Market, that it may look scarce, and if he Retail it to the Poor, he makes them pay a Groat a Peck above the Market Price.

London. I'll tell ye what ye ought to do with such a Varlet.

Country. Ay, what pray Master ? for there's many a Friend of his in the Country wou'd be glad to know.

London. Why faith e'en steep a little Rats-bane in his drink ; or sew him into one of his Sacks, and throw him into the next River, 'tid you have modified him into better Conditions.

Count. He's afraid to come to Church for fear of having some such trick play'd him, for he has not been seen there, since Bread was at 3 Shillings a Peck ; and we are endeavouring to persuade our Parson to an Excommunication against him ; and then we'll lay hold of his Grannaries, and shake his Sacks inside out. But this is not all, we are not only sick of this Disease, but are going into another, ever since this Dr. Searcherwell, what d'ye call him, has been talk'd of so, we are all going mad about him ; the Clerk quarrels with the Parson, the Parson with the Justice of Peace, and so what with one Party or 'tother, the whole Parish is up in Arms : The Justice calls the Parson High-flyer, and he spits fire at him again from the Pulpit ; some are of the Magistrate's side, some of the Parson's ; so that 'tis a perfect Civil War among us : And for that same Doctor Searcherwell, as Folks call him, I believe there has been 40 broken Pates about him ; one calls him a R—e, 'tother swears he's a Saint ; which of the Titles he deserves best, I can't tell, but I'm sure t'were's the Devil to do about him.

London. And prethee what's thy Opinion *Clod*? What Party dost thou espouse?

Country. My opinion is Master, that Peace and Quietness, and 3 Meals a Day, if I can get them, is best; and when one Party says he'll be made a Devil on, and tother a Bishop, I ask whether Bread will be ever the cheaper for't?

London. No matter for that *Clod*, you'll see that *Sacheverell*, will be foundly punish'd.

Country. I shou'd be glad of it, if it will make Bread ever the Cheaper.

London. Notwithstanding some of his Party say, they don't fear, he'll not only be acquitted, but be preferr'd too.

Country. I should be glad of that too, if Bread wou'd fall.

London. I don't question but measures will be taken to stop the Mouths of such High-flying Sparks.

Country. Will it make Bread cheap? and that will stop all our Mouths.

London. Perhaps you may see him suspended; if not fin'd too.

Country. I don't care two pence, what he's Fin'd, so we do but find Bread Cheaper:

London. Is that all your Cry then, have you no sense of Religious Matters?

Country. Look you Master, I am no Politician; I have a Wife and 4 Children, and cannot but think there's a great deal of Religion at this time in a Peck Loaf, more than quarrelling, or troubling my Head with State Affairs.

Lond. So far your'e in the right indeed; but when I see what a deal of Mischief this Business has made, I can't help speaking; Look into the Coffee-Houses, and your Tea Politicians are at it pell mell, and not only such idle Fellows; but Men of Business talk more of that than of their own Affairs; Nay, it has been more talk'd of lately upon *Change*, than Trade, and even the Women now have divided themselves into Parties of High and Low, as if the whole World were going mad.

Country. Why there's it; Wou'd it not make any one mad to see them make such a Pother about they don't know what; some for *High Church*, some for *Low Church*, my Lord between them

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we shall have no Church ; for what with keeping out Popery on the one side, and Fanaticks on t'other, we shall let in Heathenism, or what is worse, Poverty ; and plainly verify the old Proverb, *That between two Stools the Arse comes to the Ground.*

London. Pristhee what art thou for ?

Country. I am for having a Peck-loaf for 16 *d.* Beef and Mutton at 2 *d.* a Pound ; Coals at 25 Shillings a Chaldron ; and a Plumb-Pudding for a *Sundays* Dinner.

London. These are very reasonable Articles, and may come to pass ? but at present we may modestly look upon it as a Scourge for our manifold Sins and Iniquities.

Country. When shall we mend ?

London. Never while Pride and Atheism, Knavery, and Debauchery are so ripe amongst us ; our Youth are Debauch'd at 16, and ourd ol Men Lewd at 60.

Country. VVhen will they mend ?

London. Never whilst Sin gains ground by imitation ; *The Son takes Example by the Father, and the Daughter by the Mother ;* VVhilst the Great ones give Example to the little ones, and the very Magistrate that sits to punish Vice, is Guilty of the same Errors himself.

Country. VVill they never be better ?

London. Faith Sir, till we begin a Reformation at the Head, and not at the Tail : Till there's a Method taken to make the Rich stand in fear of their Sins, as well as the poor ones ; or bring them under as terrible an Interdiction as Dr. *Sacheverell* now lies under.

Country. Ay, ay, hang them all if they won't mend : So Master, I'll bid you adieu till Dr. *Sacheverell's* Tryal, and then I'll be in Town again, for my Country Neighbours long to know what will become of him ?

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